Enter Katerina.

Good morrow *Kate*, for thats your name I heare.
Kate. Well haue you heard, but some thing hard of hearing:
They call me *Katerine*, that do talke of me.
Pet. You lye in faith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,
And bony *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst:
But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendome,
Kate of *Kate*-hall, my super-dainty *Kate*,
For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation,
Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in euery Towne,
Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie sounded,
Yet not so deepely as to thee belongs,
My selfe am mou'd to woo thee for my wife.
Kate. Mou'd in good time, let him that mou'd you hither
Remoue you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a moueable.
Pet. Why, what's a moueable?
Kat. A ioyn'd stoole.
Pet. Thou hast hit it: come sit on me.
Kate. Asses are made to beare, and so are you,
Pet. Women are made to beare, and so are you
Kate. No such Iade as you, if me you meane
Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burden thee,
For knowing thee to be but yong and light,
Kate. Too light for such a swaine as you to catch,
And yet as heauie as my waight should be.
Pet. Should be, should: buzze.
Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.
Pet. Oh slow-wing'd Turtle shall a buzzard take thee?
Kate. I for a Turtle as he takes a buzza d.
Pet. Come, come you waspe, y'faith you are too angrie.
Kate. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.
Kate. I, If the foole could finde it where it lies.
Pet. Who knowes not where a Waspe does weare his sting
In his taile.
Kate. In his tongue?
Pet. Whose tongue.

Kate.

Kate. Yours if you talke of tailes
Pet. What with my tongue in y
Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am
Kate. That Ile trie.
Pet. I sweare Ile cuffe you, if you stri
Kate. So may you loose your arm
If you strike me, you are no Gentlem
And if no Gentleman, why then no
Pet. A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me
Kate. What is your Crest, a Cox
Pet. A combelesse Cocke, so *Ka*
Kate. No Cocke of mine you cro
Pet. Nay come *Kate* come: you
Kate. It is my fashion when I see
Pet. Why heere's no crab, and th
Kate. There is, there is.
Pet. Then shew it mee.
Kate. Had I a glasse, I would.
Pet. What, you meane my face.
Knte. Well aym'd of such a yong
Pet. Now by S. George I am too
Kate. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kate. I care not.
Pet. Nay heare you *Kate*. In soot
Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let
Pet. No, not a whit, I find you pa
'Twas told me you were rough, and c
And now I finde report a very lyar:
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, pa
But slow in speech: yet sweete as spr
Thouca nst not frowne, thou canst n
Nor bite the lip, as angrie wenches w
Nor hast thou pleasure to be crosse in
But thou with mildnesse entertain'st
With gentle conference, soft, and af
Why does the world report that *Kat*
Oh sland'rous world: *Kate* like the
Is straight, and slender, and as brown